THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Bright Hopes.

BY F. D. ANDERSON.

Amid our dullest, darkest hours, bright hopes will often rise,
As Summer clouds that flit athwart the azure of the skies.
Gilding with magic brilliancy the impress of our dreams,
With all the vivid gorgeousness of sunshine on the streams.

And often on our path will come the rainbow gleams of joy,
Such as the worldlings rudest touch can never all destroy,
Some kindly word, some fairy smile, will often thrill the soul,
More wildly than the deepest draught of pleasure's sparkling bowl.

And there are times in memory's store more treasured than the rest,
Some moments that are peopled with the memories of the blest,
Some hoarded bliss that comes to me, pure as an Angel's wing,
Or young love's sweetest promises to which our wishes cling.

And long gone years are given back with all there glad'ning power;
And manhood lives in fancy o'er the joys of childhood's hour,
Before the chilling hand of Time fell on each scene of bliss—
And earth seemed free as once it was beneath its maker's kiss.

And there are thoughts that often come as offerings to the shrine,
Bright aspirations from that fount whose every gush is thine,
Blest with the dreamy track of fame along the coming years,
And mingled in the prophet pile that busy fancy rears.

Bright hopes that paint the soaring mind to richer gifts in store:
A fairy palace built from it on that dim fortunes shore,
Some far-off isle where Summer reigns eternal in its bloom,
And hopes that spring in gladness there ne'er find an early tomb.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ballad.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

He has loved me long and well,
But, when he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,
For the words rang like a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

It was spoken—it was spoken—
Quick they registered the vow;
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now.

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream, I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,
And the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Capture and the Escape.

An Incident of the Irish Rebellion.

BY THOMAS J. BEACH.

It was in the latter days of that tremendous struggle for liberty, so well known by the common title of "The Irish Rebellion," as to require no more definite mention at our hands, that the courage, patriotism and sincerity of those who were enlisted in the cause, were conspicuously exhibited by the severity of the trials they were required to undergo; the perils they had to encounter, and the despair that thickened around them—like black clouds indicative of the storm that was about to scatter the true-hearted bands of the United Irishmen, and sweep the bravest and the best from the face of the earth. Already there had fallen before the British arms, many a bold spirit in whose skill and intrepidity the hopes of thousands had been centered, and in whose bloody grave the hopes of thousands were buried for ever. Numbers had been captured, and loaded with fetters, whose weight alone could restrain their active limbs, then thrust into dungeons inaccessible to all but the officers of death—the sole means of preventing the spread of that influence, which must have grown out of such examples of indomitable resolution, unyielding patriotism and faith, as were exhibited by the unfortunate captives, even to the end. Spies it was well known had been crawling about the country, and such active measures had been taken by the government, and well directed onslaughts made by British troops, as rendered it too apparent that information was conveyed to the enemy by "traitor knaves." Danger threatened on every side, and the most secret meetings were attended with risk of life, even in the mountains—in the very heart of the rock. At length the treachery of Reynolds led to the arrest of several of the most prominent leaders of the insurgents on the 12th of March, 1798, who were captured "at one fell swoop." Of the party who were assembled on that occasion, one alone effected his escape—brave, eloquent and good, the patriot and fast friend of Ireland, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He succeeded in eluding pursuit, and with every prospect of success for several weeks. Endeared to the hearts of the people, he seemed to be secure against all the efforts of that foe, who was scenting every avenue with all the ferocity of war-hounds spurred on by an insatiable thirst for his blood. Alas! the fidelity of a host, each one of whom would have sacrificed himself for the noble victim, was insufficient for his safety. On the 12th of May, after a desperate resistance, he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was exposed to the terrible vengeance of that power, whose tenderest mercy to the Irish rebel was a speedy death. The news of this severe calamity carried consternation for a moment into the bosoms of the bravest who were yet at large; it was but for a moment, and recovering from the shock, the rescue of Fitzgerald was a theme of whispered discussion among a few daring spirits, to whom the ignominious death, which, in the event of failure, was their sure and certain fate, presented no terrors in comparison with the glory of saving him, who would have been the saviour of themselves and their native land.

Among the adventurous spirits which that stirring time called forth from the interior, was young Arthur Donore, the son of a wealthy land owner, whose love for his broad acres overcame the active devotion in his country's service, which it is but justice to say he would have manifested, had his situation and circumstances been the reverse of what they were. But it was no secret among Arthur's acquaintances that his father allowed him to draw for very liberal sums, and the drafts were promptly honored, although the old gentleman knew the uses to which his son appropriated the money perfectly well. To counteract any sinister consequences from this course, however, it was rumored, and not without foundation, that "the squire," as old Mr. Donore was called, had more than once volunteered to supply the King's troops when quartered in his vicinity, with sundry beeves, and had entertained with great ceremony at his own dwelling, the officers of the regiments, with the best that his cellar and his larder could afford. He was also said to have bowed them off upon their departure with much courtesy, and upon returning to his dwelling has been casually overheard to damn them with considerable animation every Englishman in the country. This is, however, mere tradition, and cannot be traced to any authentic historical source.

Young Arthur had been chosen the chief of a little party of twelve, which formed a branch of a band of some two hundred determined and active men, with either of whom, and in any quality requisite to the duty to which they were pledged, Arthur Donore would compare with advantage. Yet active, thoughtful and attentive as he was, he found time and opportunity to fall in love with one of the prettiest, sweetest, and most charming girls in the neighborhood, Agnes O'Terry. Agnes was an orphan child, and had been brought up in the family of her uncle, Phelim O'Terry, who was an avowed friend of the royalists, though by no means a serviceable one, being too much interested in his own pursuits to give much attention to the affairs of the King. He cultivated his land, cursed the rebels, sold his produce, and went to bed with the full consciousness of having done his duty. Perhaps if he had known that such a full-blooded anti-royalist as Arthur Donore was performing prodigies of valor, liberating his country from the yoke of England, and afterward occupying an elevated station in her councils, in the dreams which flitted around the pillow of his pretty little niece, Agnes, every night, his apathy might have been moved to a proper consideration of the necessity of interposing his authority, and hauling the young phantom hero of the dear girl's brain, to a reality any thing but agreeable. But Arthur and Agnes were wise enough to keep both their love and their rebellion to themselves, and it was only in a stroll at evening in the thick wood, upon the silent hill, or by the brook that came leaping and brawling along the valley, that they talked to each other of love and happiness—of treason and death. And how strange were the emotions that thrilled their young breasts—how conflicting—how opposite—how hostile was each alternating word and thought! with this, a tear—with that, a smile; with this, a dread—with that, a hope; with this a palace—with that, a dungeon; life with the one, and with the other darkness, chains and death.

One evening the moon was pouring down a brilliant stream of placid light on hill and grove, and plain and river, when they met at their usual trysting place. Arthur passed his arm around her waist, took her left hand in his and carried it to his lips.

"How hot your hand is, Arthur," said the gentle girl.

"Fancy, dear, fancy, that's all," he replied, and conducted his companion with a quick step, along the path which led into the wood. They had advanced some distance under the deep shade in silence; at length the young man suddenly spoke; "Agnes," he said, "you love me, dearest, with all your heart!"

"Did you mean that for a question, Arthur? No, you would not offend me by asking it! Love you! O, I would follow you through the world in poverty or in pride, live with you rich or poor, die with you, lay down my life for you, Arthur—give up all for you—all, but—my honor!"

"And if you gave up that, Agnes, dear, Arthur Donore would be your's no longer—he could love you no more. Look at this gold cross I wear; I bought it in Dublin, and afterward put it to the test of the chemist's art. It sustained no blemish, but proved to be pure gold—had it failed under the test, I would not have worn it another hour. It might have appeared as bright to another, but to me it would have been worthless. So with woman, Agnes; if she falls under the art and passion of the man she loves, she becomes his victim—not his wife. He would be rid of her as soon as convenient; she may be as beautiful to the eyes of another, but to him she is a thing of no value. He never loves her more. But I am cheating the priest of a homily. Agnes, dear, I have something particular to say to you to-night."

"Say it, Arthur, I am ready to hear. I know it will be nothing that I ought not to hear."

"Lord Fitzgerald is taken—we have just received the news."

"God protect him!" exclaimed the girl, with that fervent emphasis which such an event at such a time was well calculated to inspire.

"He must not die, Agnes, if the lives of a handful of United Irishmen can save him from the scaffold. You know he must not die," said Arthur, meaningly.

"I do not understand you, Arthur—you would not—"

"You know, darling," interrupted the youth, "that I am in a dangerous service at best; I have been in the battle, and bear the marks of the Englishman's bayonet, and the scratch of his sword; his bullet has made a whole in my hat—thank God it wasn't my head—and the time may come when his rope will—don't tremble so, darling, there's been better men hung than you or me either."

"Arthur don't talk to me of that," sobbed the poor girl, clasping her arms around his manly neck, as it were to protect it from the sacrilege contemplated in his words; "let us fly now, dear Arthur, we have plenty of money to carry us safely away."

"What, fly, and Fitzgerald in their hands, think again, Agnes, and unsay that counsel. Listen to me. We have a chance to save him, but, it is a desperate one—a 'forlorn hope,' as the soldiers call it. If we fail I shall be close to him in his last moments, and we shall go to heaven together—Fitzgerald and Arthur Donore!" Animated with the suggestion of his ardent patriotism, the young man lifted his eyes upward, and the straggling beams that came down through the foliage betrayed a glistening tear.

"Arthur, cruel, cruel Arthur, you love me not—Arthur would rather die with Fitzgerald than live with Agnes."

"You haven't got the argument right, darling," said O'Connor resuming the lover, and kissing the tear wet cheek of his devoted girl; "say this—'Arthur O'Connor would rather die *for* Fitzgerald with honor, than live *with* Agnes in disgrace.' Agnes consented to that!" But Agnes could only give such consent as sobs and tears implied. "Our party meets to-night for action," he continued; "we assemble at Fergus O'Leary's old watermill, on the stream beyond the wood, about a mile above the gibbet, where Flynn and McGianty were hung—it is some three miles from this; you know where it is, do ye, Agnes?"

"I do," she replied.

"Well, I mention it to you that if any thing should happen—what's that! A footfall, by St. Patrick—yonder bough sprung, too—there's not a breath stirring—hush!" and the youth bent cautiously down, till reclining upon his hand, he was able to apply his ear close to the ground. He remained in this position several minutes, but detecting no repetition of the sound, he arose.

"I don't think it was any thing," whispered Agnes, trembling at every joint.

"I hope not," added Arthur, also in a whisper; "but I would have given the parson a double title this year to have been at that bough five minutes ago; though it might possibly have been caught in another branch during a blow, and that instant released itself."

"Or a bird might have alighted on it or left it," said Agnes, and at that instant a thrush darted into the tree above their heads, and broke into song. "I told you so."

"Well then, it was a bird. Now I must be quick and tell you all. Agnes I shall not see you after this night until the expedition is over, and if I should be taken, you will not be allowed to visit me unless you are my wife. Will you go with me now to Father Phillip and become my own? Will you darling—and then I'll conduct you back at once to your uncle's house, and leave you till we can meet under worse or better circumstances. You will not answer me! Agnes will you—"

"Sudden as it is and unprepared as I am, if it will make you happier," interrupted the gentle girl, "I will."

"Ah! bless my pretty one," exclaimed Arthur catching her to his heart, and kissing from her lips the honey which those sweet words had left in passing to his ear. But he delayed not to lavish caresses, though he felt how exquisitely the bliss of that moment relieved the arduous duty he had pledged in his country's service. Giving to his betrothed the support of his strong arm, her feet but lightly touched the ground as he hastened with her along the path of the wood which emerged near the dwelling of the reverend man, upon the verge of the neighboring village. Arthur prefaced the subject of his visit with a handful of silver and gold, and the priest summoning his little household to be present at the ceremony, Arthur and Agnes were in a few minutes linked in happy union by the holiest ties. As they were about to depart the priest followed them to the door, replaced the money in the young man's hand, saying that he was familiar with the name and deeds of Arthur Donore, and desired him to apply the money to the sacred purposes of his heart; "it is Father Phillip's donation," said the venerable man, "to his struggling country."

Conducting his bride to a spot within a few paces of her uncle's dwelling, Arthur indulged in a long and passionate embrace; it was a moment of ecstacy not unmingled with the pangs of acute apprehension; it was a parting for a few hours or for ever, and he could not resist the conviction that the probabilities fearfully favored the latter. His wife—his newly wedded wife bathed his cheek with tears that would not be suppressed, and it was not till he felt his own bosom yielding to too tender emotions, that he was able to tear himself away—"Good night, Agnes," he exclaimed, "good night; your husband will meet you here to-morrow, or,—" the last words were lost to her ear as the young insurgent darted off toward the wood, and took the dim path to O'Leary's mill. Sorrowfully Agnes stole into the house and reached her chamber unobserved. She longed to sleep that the time might pass more rapidly away, but she discovered that the anxiety that pervaded her mind, would banish all repose from her pillow until she could hear the result of Arthur's undertaking, or see him again. Nearly an hour had passed away, and she was sitting at the window looking toward the spot at which he had disappeared from her sight, when her attention was arrested by the sound of horses feet, and in a few minutes three persons rode up to the gate of entrance, dismounted and tying their horses to the fence walked up to the door. A thundering knock brought old Phelim out with great promptness, inasmuch as he had not retired to bed; otherwise they might have knocked the house down, and the old gentleman would have crawled out of the ruins asleep.

"Walk in gentleman," said O'Terry, eyeing the military equipments of two of the party, and recognising in the third one Paddy Mullen, a ragged scamp of the village who was known to keep up a familiar intercourse with every hen-roost for five miles round the country—"walk in gentlemen," he said, "walk in, but you, Paddy Mullen, if you set your foot in my door, I'll set my foot in—"

"Stop, sir," said the officer, "he must come in; he's in the king's service to-night, and I cannot allow him to be out of my sight; we shall remain but a few minutes, and so there will be no harm done." Accordingly the whole party were admitted, the door was closed, and Agnes could hear no more. She awaited their re-appearance in an agony of suspense, and conjecture was nervously at work to divine the purpose of so strange a visit, and from such unwelcome visiters. In about a quarter of an hour one of the two in regimentals came out, mounted his horse and rode off at a full gallop toward the village at which she was aware a small detachment of soldiers were quartered. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and the second soldier, accompanied by Paddy Mullen came out; they mounted their horses and on bidding O'Terry good night, the officer advised him to keep an eye to the girl, or he would get himself into trouble. They trotted slowly away toward the wood and were soon lost to the view of the trembling girl, who had felt her blood chill in every vein at that soldier's parting words. Her anxiety became intense, and though she had been unable to trace the path of the royalists from her window, she felt almost confident that they had taken a direction toward O'Leary's mill. Her very fears began to fill her heart with determination, and scarcely knowing how to act by a sort of instinctive impulse she went down stairs. Her uncle was alone, and sat smoking his pipe at the table; he looked up sternly and demanded her errand. Embarrassed, she replied that she feared something was the matter, as she had seen soldiers leaving the house.

"Go to bed, go to bed," said he, "and let me hear no more of your associating with rebels, or you will bring me as well as yourself to the dungeon and the block."

Agnes obeyed in silence; she had not failed, however, to observe upon the table, pen, ink and paper, and a few fragments of the letter strewed upon the floor. These articles she felt assured had been used by the visiters, and resolving to satisfy her curiosity she awaited patiently until her uncle had retired; then quietly descending to the room she picked up the scraps from the floor; they were written upon; an error in the billet which did not admit of correction, had, beyond doubt, caused the writer to tear it up and prepare another; she placed some of them together as well as her trembling hands permitted, and presently her most dreadful forebodings were realised. She could make out the name of "Arthur Donore"—"O'Leary's mill"—"send eighteen men"—"Paddy Mullen"—"to-night in the woods"—"sweet heart, Agnes O'Terry"—"d—n pretty Paddy says"—"too good for a rebel"—"be active," &c. &c.

This startling discovery was too explicit to be misunderstood, and it required but a few moments reflection to enable her to determine how to act. Opening the door with great caution she passed out, closed it after her, and ran with speed into the woods. Then taking a circuitous rather than the direct route, she hastened on toward O'Leary's mill, almost breathless and exhausted, having scarcely relaxed her pace she arrived at a spot where the path she had chosen struck into the narrow and customary road, about half a mile from the mill. Here she was petrified for an instant to find herself close to a couple of horses tied to a tree by the wayside, but she recovered her self-possession upon finding the riders were absent. She listened, and heard voices at some distance down the road in a direction opposite to that she was pursuing, which she supposed were those of the soldier and Mullen, who had probably walked down to see if the detachment was coming up; at that moment she heard Mullen exclaim "here they come," not a moment was to be lost; releasing one of the horses she sprang into the saddle, and guiding the animal upon the turfy edge of the road, galloped off; in the stillness of the night, however, every footfall sounded painfully distinct, and Agnes could but imagine she had never heard a horse tread so heavily before; her fears were excited, and the mill was yet a quarter of a mile distant when those fears were realised, and she discovered that she was pursued; a horseman at full gallop was within two hundred yards of her, and she without a whip or—no not without a spur; a pair of scissors was fortunately at her waist, and plunging the pointed blade into the horse's flank the spirited animal goaded thus, bounded forward with mad precipitation; she was gaining on her pursuer, and neared the mill considerably in advance; a light was twinkling through the broken window and she could already discern the figures of men within; anxious to warn them of their danger she uttered a scream so startling and shrill, that the horse reared, affrighted at the unnatural sound, and flinging his delicate burthen to the ground, dashed on with the speed of the wind. That cry, however, brought out the insurgents, and as the horse came down among them, the bridle was seized by Arthur Donore.

"Good God, the dragoons are upon us; fly, we are betrayed; into the woods—a single horseman comes; I'll meet him and try his metal." So saying, as his companions disappeared in the woods, Donore leaped into the saddle and rode on to meet the approaching foe, who had slackened his pace as he came up to the spot where Agnes had fallen.

"Stand rebel, and surrender," said the soldier.

"Not with such a light above, and such a steel beneath me," replied Arthur.

"Then look to your head, braggart," said the dragoon, drawing his heavy sword and spurring towards the insurgent. But Arthur had already drawn a pistol from the holster, and as his assailant came up deliberately fired; the soldier reeled upon the horse, clutched at the pummel of the saddle but there was no holster there, and fell heavily to the ground; he muttered the words "d—n, if the girl had taken—Paddy Mullen's—horse—this wouldn't have—happened," and sunk exhausted with the loss of blood. Arthur was in a moment by his side and proceeding to search the body for papers, when a female form at a few paces distant caught his eye; he knew the dress, and raising the face to the moonlight recognised his Agnes; the blood was trickling from a wound at the side of her head, her cheek was cold, and the gentle breathing of her lips had subsided; his heart was bursting with anguish, and he checked not the tears that flowed plentifully from his eyes; he judged easily from the circumstances around him the cause of this catastrophe; Agnes had evidently sacrificed herself for me. His reflections and lamentations were, however, interrupted by the rapid approach of horsemen, and starting to his feet, he discovered by the ringing clatter of arms, that a party of soldiers were coming down at fast gallop; lifting the lifeless girl in his arms he bore her to the mill, and in the room where that death scream had appalled his ear, calmly awaited his fate. The soldiers came up, entered the mill and presented themselves before him; he was seated with Agnes clasped to his bosom;—"Fire, soldiers," he exclaimed, "You shall not part us; one of your villains has slain my wife, and I have killed him, the carrion is without there; come, do your work, I'll die with her in my arms."

But the scene excited the pity even of the hirelings he addressed, and quenched the thirst for blood. "Tell us," said an officer, "where are your comrades, and you shall live."

"I do not wish to do a murder," said Arthur, "but if you repeat that proposition, either you or I, will never look upon the sun again."

"O, ho, there's some hot blood in you yet; seize the fellow," commanded the officer; and Arthur unwilling to release his embrace of Agnes was easily secured. An order to "take the woman from his arms" was not executed without a violent struggle in which one of the soldiers was stabbed to the heart, with the scissors which Arthur had discovered in the hand of Agnes and wrenched from her grasp in the last moment of resistance. No sooner was she separated from him than she gave signs of recovery; consciousness speedily returned, and now it was that they experienced the agony of their situation. While he had imagined that his wife was dead, the young insurgent had been reckless of life himself; but now that she was alive and restored, but not restored to him, the desire of life and liberty made doubly cruel his bonds. But short time for reflection was allowed him when he was conducted from the mill, mounted upon a horse in the midst of a dozen of dragoons, and conveyed to the village at which he had that same evening been made the husband of Agnes. She was taken in charge by the officer of the detachment and half a dozen men, and escorted to her uncle's house, her guilt as an accessary being attributed rather to love than rebellion, and accordingly overlooked.

Arthur was lodged in a contracted building called "the cage;" his limbs were loaded with chains, and a huge padlock united the links in a common circle about his waist. A sentry was posted at the door, and no little precaution had thus been taken to secure the prisoner, it being ascertained that he was no other than Arthur Donore. His name had become too familiar in its association with the rebellion in that quarter, and upon the following day he was privately sentenced, after the brief formality of a court martial trial, to be hung upon the tree nearest to his place of confinement and at the ensuing midnight hour.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and the declining sun looked through the narrow loop-hole in the thickly rivetted door, as if to take a parting glance of one upon whom he would not look again alive. The hope of escape through the aid of his friends he knew was too fallacious to be indulged for a moment. They were ignorant of his approaching fate and would be overwhelmed by the fact of his arrest; and were it otherwise, they dared not assemble to confer, and could not venture into the village alone. He felt that he could meet death without a pang, could he behold his wife once more before he died; but all communication with any living soul had been forbidden him. The tears and entreaties of woman, however, prevailed over this stern decree, and the sun was just setting when Agnes, attended by an officer, presented herself at the door of the little prison, with an order to be admitted for a quarter of an hour to the presence of her husband. The order required the interview to take place under the eye of the officer, but he was young, and not having yet grown callous in the service, remained without by the sentinel. Agnes was ushered into the cell alone, and the sudden clanking of chains was her first welcome; Donore was lying upon the straw, and a coarse rug partially covered the upper part of his body, as if it had been hastily thrown over him. Agnes sunk by his side and threw herself upon his bosom; he raised himself to meet her embrace, and by the action exposed his left arm, which was stripped, and in which he had opened a vein. Agnes would have shrieked at the dreadful thought which rushed to her mind, had not her husband intuitively placed his hand upon her lips and at the same instant whispered in her ear, "Neil Sassenach!" Then calmly taking up the mug in which water had been served to him, he allowed the blood to trickle slowly into it, until it contained nearly half a pint; in the meantime he continued his conversation with Agnes in their native tongue, both of them speaking with much energy, though in subdued tones. But their quarter of an hour had been permitted almost to double itself, when Agnes was summoned away. A long, long embrace, tears and reiterated adieus, and that parting was over. As she walked away leaning upon the arm of the officer, her eye was accidentally arrested by a rope with a running noose suspended from one of the stout branches of a neighboring tree; a shudder thrilled her frame, but lifting her heart to Heaven she there reposed a holy trust, that the cord of the executioner might never disfigure the neck of her husband, or disgrace the name of Arthur Donore. She left the officer at the edge of the village, and thanking him in broken language for his courtesy, took the path to her uncle's dwelling and soon disappeared in the intervening copse.

Night came on, and the sentry continued his measured march before the door of the village cage, occasionally giving a word to a comrade as he passed to quarters. At length all was still, and the solemnity of night was unbroken save by the remote murmuring of a stream, and the fitful song of a restless bird. Every inhabitant of the hamlet had retired to rest before the village clock struck ten, except some half a dozen soldiers who were tippling beer in a little room of the house occupied by the detachment, awaiting the hour which was to summon them to perform the last offices upon the body of the sentenced rebel, young Arthur Donore. But that rebel was resolved to cheat the "gallows tree," and as the sentry passed the door of the cage a few minutes before eleven o'clock, he heard the sudden clank of chains within, a staggering step, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor, succeeded by a deep guttural groan. Unlocking the door, a scene of horrible ghastliness presented itself. The body of the prisoner had sunk with the legs drawn under it, and the head fallen over toward the door, the neck was exposed in the bright moonlight that streamed in, and from ear to ear there was nothing but one gore of blood, and a pool of the crimson fluid had dabbled his dark hair, as his form apparently writhed in the last agony; a large pocket knife was firmly clasped in his right hand. Even to one accustomed to the horrible scenes of war, the mutilated body of the suicide is possessed of adventitious horrors, and to remain in such company was too much for a soldier even of that day to endure. The sentinel gazed upon the mangled remains of the wretched insurgent, and turning with a shudder from the revolting scene, hastened to the rendezvous, some two hundred yards distant, to inform the officer of the night of the occurrence. Disappointed of their prey, the minions of the law cursed their own neglect in not searching the rebel more carefully, whereby they might have discovered, and deprived him of the instrument of death. They proceeded, however, without delay, to the cage, but what was their astonishment to find that the body had been already removed; there was the pool of blood, and there lay the chains in which their prisoner had been bound; but the prisoner—where was he! A strict search was immediately set on foot, and continued through the night. A party visited the residence of Phelim O'Terry, but there they learned that Agnes had also disappeared.

* * * * * * *

A boat was moored in a little inlet of the sea, about a mile and a half from the scene we have described, and a fishing smack was at anchor a cable's length from the shore. A horse approached the spot at full speed; the faithful creature bore a double burthen; a female alighted first, and her companion, a young man, springing to the ground, caught her in his arms, and carried her to the boat; with a strong arm and a good will he handled the oars, and in a few minutes they were upon the deck of the little craft, with all sail set, a good breeze aft, and her sparkling prow standing down the channel for the coast of France.

"Tell us how you managed it," said the old fisherman, as soon as the young man had washed a mass of clotted blood from his neck.

"Bless your old soul, nothing easier," said Arthur; "I had to trust to myself alone you see, and so while I had nothing else to do I turned my attention to phlebotomy, breathed a vein in my arm, and caught the blood; luckily Agnes here got permission to visit me, for the last time, oh darling!—at least the poor thing thought so when she come in—and so I got her to charter your smack. Today well after the night set in I commenced the painting, and laid it on from ear to ear; poured the rest of the blood on the floor, and then blundered down among it, and a pretty frightful beast I made of myself, be sure of it, for the loon of a soldier toddled off as I expected, leaving the key in the door; I observed that the key of my padlock, when they put the chains upon me, was attached to the same ring, and so I just took an opportunity to borrow it for a moment during his absence—and—and here I am."

Arthur and his bride made a safe landing in France, but the pleasure of escape was not unmixed with bitterness and sorrow, for the first news that fell upon their ears was the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Dublin University Magazine, for July.

Rosette.

Air—My banks they are covered with bees.

FROM BERANGER.

Unmindful thou'rt still in thy spring,
Wouldst thou hither for tenderness fly?
Forty years a sad burden will bring,
And my summer of life is gone by.
Beauty once could my bosom inflame
In the form of an humble grisette—
Ah! why can't I love thee the same,
That I once loved the simple Rosette!

Each day, thy rich equipage shows
Thy charms in their brilliant array;
Rosette, in her holiday clothes,
On foot, tripped it neatly and gay;
Still, to tease me, sly glances would aim,
The wild eye of the playful coquette—
Ah! why can't I love thee the same,
That I once loved thee lively Rosette!

The smile countless mirrors have caught,
As in satin boudoir thou hast sat;
Rosette had one glass, but I thought
That the Graces were beaming in that.
Though our pallet no curtain could claim,
There the morning's first blushes we met—
Ah! why can't I love thee the same,
That I loved the light-hearted Rosette!

For thy wit, more than one glowing shell,
Of praise, shall award thee the meed;
Rosette—nay, I blush not to tell—
Rosette was scarce able to read.
But, when language would fail her Love came,
A more gentle interpreter yet—
Ah! why can't I love thee the same,
That I loved the untutored Rosette!

She had less of attraction than thine;
E'en her heart had of tenderness less;
On her lower less sweetly could shine,
Looks—whose meaning 'tis rapture to guess!
But ours then was youth's "exquisite flame,"
That youth, which alas! I regret.—
Ah! why can't I love thee the same,
That I loved the less lovely Rosette!

From the Dublin University Magazine, for July.

Cousin Agatha.

Among the many sketches attempted and thrown aside in my boyish days, there is one still extant, which bears at its foot the words "Cousin Agatha." Many day dreams does that name recall, many bright memories of my early boyhood, and she is associated in my mind, not only with those fresh and happy times when I had never known a sorrow, but with later days, when grief was familiar to me in many shapes, and when the same power had changed her even more than myself.

I was barely thirteen years old, when cousin Agatha, then scarcely seventeen, first made her appearance among us. She was the daughter of an elder sister of my father, who having gone out to India with a relative, had married there somewhat above her own rank. Agatha, was her only child, and my aunt dying when she was very young, the little girl was sent to England even earlier than she would otherwise have been. She was consigned to the care of a maiden lady, a relation of her father, but just after she had left school, the sudden death of this person left her in a manner unprotected. Her father indeed was expected in England in a few months, and avowed his intention of taking his daughter back to India with him, in the course of the ensuing year. So she wrote to us, her nearest relatives in England, and asked my mother to receive her until her father's arrival. Many of her aunt's friends had offered her a home, but she seemed to feel it a duty to apply first to her mother's family.

My parents were somewhat annoyed by the proposed arrangement, for they feared, especially my mother, that Agatha, brought up as she had been in the midst of fashion and affluence, would be too much of a fine lady to be contented with our humble home and its simple accommodations, and might even look on its unpretending inmates with dislike and contempt. The idea was rather encouraged by the report that had reached us respecting Colonel Shelbourne, her father, who was described as an exceedingly haughty and punctilious personage. Still, the request of one so nearly connected with us could not be refused under existing circumstances, and every arrangement for her reception being made, her presence was expected with no small anxiety.

She came, and oh, how different she was to all our pre-conceived ideas of her; how she scattered all our fears and prejudices to the winds at once! In four and twenty hours she had won the heart of every creature in the house from my father down to our little spaniel Fido,—in a week she was the very idol of the village. She was not regularly beautiful, but lively and bewitching beyond all expression. She was tall, and somewhat full in person for her age, but perfectly well made, and extremely easy and graceful in her movements. Her complexion was dazzlingly pure. I think her neck was the whitest and most exquisitely modelled I ever saw, and the pretty dimples in her shoulders actually seemed to make them smile. Her mouth was somewhat of the largest, but its full red lips and white teeth, and ever varying expression, made one call it beautiful. Her nose was not Roman, or Grecian, or of any recognised order, but if it had the fault of commonness, it was amply redeemed by a pair of clear dark brown eyes and a magnificent forehead. Her hair was abundant and rich; soft and bright as silk, but here was the only disputed point about her. Nobody could deny that it was beautiful hair, but those who envied her called it *rather reddish*, while every one else pronounced it a perfect auburn. Her hands and feet were not particularly small, but they were well-shaped, and the former were so delicately white, and the latter trod the earth "with steps so light and free," that he must have been a ruthless critic who would have found fault with their proportions. Her disposition was just what her countenance promised—frank, kind, generous. Her temper, indeed, was somewhat warm and hasty, but then she was so easily appeased, so affectionate, so forgiving! How dearly I loved cousin Agatha—how dearly we all loved her. It was early in spring when she came to us, and we had a long happy summer before us, for her father was not expected until autumn. Agatha and I were the only two young persons in the house, and though I was but a mere child, we became constant companions, never having associated much with children, and being devoted to reading, and other sedentary pursuits, I was able to converse with Agatha on many themes beyond my years, and to me she was a delightful companion. She had none of the sickly sentiment or affected timidity of some young ladies, and she loved nothing better than rambling through the fields and lanes, wading brooks, and climbing styles. There was just enough of the hoyden about her to assimilate her pursuits to mine, who, being as I have said of a studious turn, and moreover, of delicate constitution, desired no more athletic amusements than those in which she could join me. She had brought her harp with her, and if she did not play very scientifically, she certainly displayed wonderful taste and feeling in her performances thereon. And she sang every thing—her store of songs seemed endless. Ask for what you would, she never made an excuse; her memory never failed her; she was never out of voice, and her good nature and patience were inexhaustible. She was the earliest confidant, too, (except my mother,) of my first attempts in drawing, and entered into all my ideas on the subject with keen interest. She would sit to me unweariedly for hours, and again and again did I fail in my attempts to transfer her bright and expressive countenance to my sketches.

Only one of these has survived, the one alluded to at the beginning of this chapter, and even that would give a stranger little idea of her loveliness, though it is sufficiently like to recall her image forcibly to my own mind.

But September came, and with it Colonel Shelbourne,—a cold, proud, silent man; we wondered how Agatha ever came to be his daughter! She [illegible]

of late old chores have returned. She remained not many months in [illegible] long after I had returned to London. [illegible] saved me there in the evening spring, [illegible] with not a short time experience in visiting agencies in India, and I was thankful to perceive that her health was improved, and that she was more of her former Agatha of former days than she had been since her disappointment. Her spirit seemed tranquil and even cheerful, and she appeared desirous to say no wish, that she might be united to rejoin England, and that I might yet see her again. I think there was not to be a very long interval. I heard of her safe arrival in India, and received one letter from her, dated in a far more happy tone than I could have hoped for. I heard no more of her for many months, and then there came a letter sealed with black, and directed in a strange hand. She had returned to it, but her husband had found—it—cousin Agatha was dead.

SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to the kind friends of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and the speedy one of the result, in which the money was made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A speed of a three still no arrears. We shall be much obliged for a regular settlement, as the volume is now opened, and all wish to start, unencumbered by back balances. A new volume will be settled up, and we shall take a fair start together and one who shall first use in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

A Defaulter must pay Gentlemen.

Augustus B. Ballard, of Trenton, Ills., is indebted to the Post for two years subscription, and he was politely notified of the fact. The following is his answer:

"In short, I shall not pay it. I do not think I shall ever read a receipt that it is [illegible] paid, in requested by you. This is all the answer I shall give. *I have not good for the last two years, nor do I intend to.*

Very respectfully,
Augustus B. Ballard."

The only favor that we ask of this letter writer is, that he will be kind enough to give us the name of *fifty thousand readers*, in all parts of the union, as a sure, confidently devoid of honor or honesty. We are not to be cheated out of our money by fellows through the Dead with impunity. We shall forward a number of copies to Trenton, Ills., that his neighbors may read his unbecoming confession.

Election Riots in England.

The frequency and brutality of the late election riots in England, which they develope a dreadful state of society in that kingdom, cannot but be regarded as the most unfavorable superiority of our own country in this respect.

The last presidential election was the most exciting one which has agitated this nation since the memorable contest between Jefferson and Adams in 1800, and, judging from the heated language of both parties during the canvass, we feared that it would not pass over without bloodshed, or at least violence, in one or the other of the States. We need not say that we were thoroughly disappointed. It makes to feel proud of our country to record, that, save one or two slight exhibitions of popular feeling, the election passed over, without disturbance, and resulted in an empire boasting seventeen millions of people. In spite of factious journals; in spite of party rage, bought presses; in spite of the intoxication of victory or sting of defeat, the two great parties, which divide the people, when they found the contest was over, quietly submitted to their daily occupations. We can attribute this to nothing but to that abiding reverence for the laws and constitution for which our people have ever been distinguished, arising, in part, from their early education, but chiefly from the practical consideration that they are their own, and that the ballot-box is the only weapon for the hands of both.

How different is the conduct of the English populace? Riots, bloodshed, massacre, have characterized their elections, and that too, when only a member of parliament is to be chosen, instead of a chief magistrate. With a brutality of which our people is incapable, the English populace, in the late contests at Liverpool and other places, has mauled and fled the heads, and, in some cases, have succeeded, would have murdered the persons of the successful candidates and other obnoxious to the fury of struggle for the presidency. And yet, it will be remembered, that the aristocracy, as the enemy of a republican country are less favorably inclined to manhood than have been the complete ascendancy at election; that is to say—our electors believe in no more liberal. How deals run better where only tens run as England. Surely then, we have some cause to congratulate ourselves on the possession of such a strong illustration of the capability of man for self-government. They show that people are just as likely to be kept in order without a standing army as with one. The mere sight of the red coats, which were disgraced by sanguinary riots, may also be quoted as in point.

This is matter for serious congratulation. However much some idle croakers may fill the public ear with mournful prophecies as to the nation's destiny, we have, for our part, too much confidence in the native sense of the people, to entertain such fears; and we look on the men who would disorganize them as either fools, madmen, or enemies to their country. There may be, and there doubtless are, things even which a patriot must mourn, but, on the whole, our country suffers nothing, but rather gains, in comparison with others. Point us out a land where the most keen better, where general intelligence is so widely diffused; where wars are comparatively unknown; where the humblest of a citizen enjoys greater personal security and greater liberty; or where even are accorded to us respected, and crime so comparatively rare, as among the inhabitants of the United States, and we will abandon the argument, and encourage our faith in republican institutions. The British press taunts us with our Lynch-law but that scandalous appearance of justice, even in England, he must be practically condemned that it is has been here. We retort on them, moreover, their Botal riots, their present insurgency, their lawsuit of human beings, the cases of the recent offenses, by their bloody laws. It will not do for the London press to denounce us thus. They are themselves—pointing we are all they say—unfit to cast the first stone. They cast of mortality, and practice blind. The evils of philanthropy, and manners by the laws. They stigmatize the freedom of the people as the delusion of fools, and just cannot carry on an election without such which would excite us to horror.

Our Fortifications.

The Fortification Bill, which passed the House last week, makes the appropriations for repairs, &c. of the following forts, viz: Fort Mifflin, Fort Mifflin Battery, at Boston harbor; Pemit-coat battery, Boston harbor, old fort at New Bedford harbor; forts at Annapolis, Md.; Forts Carroll and Johnson, &c., at the mouth of Cape Fear river; continuing on wall at St. Augustine, Florida; $60,000 for repair of Fort Independence, Boston harbor; 45,000 for Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island; *for fortifications at New London*, Pond Fort Trumbull, in Connecticut; 10,000 for Fort Griswold, at New London, Connecticut; 25,000 for Fort Niagara, New York; 15,000 for Fort Ontario, Oswego, New York; 70,000 for Fort Schuyler, New York harbor; 30,000 for Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, New York; 15,000 for Forts on Governor's Island, New York; 7000 for sea wall of Castle William, Governor's Island; 50,000 for Fort Delaware, Delaware river, contingent; 35,000 for Fort Washington, Potomac river; 115,000 for Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Virginia; 15,000 for Fort Hampton, Charleston; 25,000 for Dike to Drunken Dick Shoal, &c.; 35,000 for Fort Pulaski, Savannah river; 10,000 for Fort Marion, Florida; 20,000 for Fort Barrancas, Florida; 45,000 for Fort Bayaras, Florida; 40,000 for Fort Morgan, Mobile point; 30,000 for Fort Livingston, Louisiana; 50,000 for other forts near New Orleans; 15,000 for incidental expenses of *repairs of fortifications*; 25,000 for contingencies of ordnance service; 15,000 for purchase of ordnance stores; 100,000 for armament of fortifications; 50,000 for the purchase of cannon and implements; 70,000 for fort Warren, Boston harbor.

For permanent and contingency Indian hostilities, the following sums are appropriated—$19,000 to be balances required, in addition to former appropriation for the expenses of war of Florida Indians raised out in 1840; $272,213 92 for arrearages of pay due for Florida militia, commanded by Brigadier General Read, for six months' service; $6,193 72 for arrearages of pay due to Georgia Militia; $40,000 40 for Quarter Master's Department. The foregoing sums for provisions and supplies are to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War.

The Weather.

The following, says the New York Express, is the accurate statement of the heat of the weather in different sections of the country. At Quebec, on the 14th inst., the mercury was at 80 deg. At Augusta, (Me.) 102 at 96, and upon the 15th at 100. At St. Louis on the 15th at 100 deg. Sunday, the 25th, at New Haven, the mercury in a mercury of air, was at 90 deg., and at Portland, (Me.) on the 23d, at 7 P. M. was 86 deg.

The Russian Steam Frigate.

The steam frigate built at New York for the Russian government, sailed on Tuesday last, affording an opportunity of seeing her. She is at present lying at Jersey City, and in the course of two or three days, it is anticipated that she will be entirely completed, and take her departure for Russia, for whose Government she has been built. Her model is a perfect one, very different to be anything like a model of beauty. She is built of live oak, and her timbers are fastened with copper bolts. Her engine is upon the direct action principle, and has two cylinders, which are placed horizontally, is sixty-two inches, and the length of her stroke is ten feet. Her cylinders are of wrought iron, and she is calculated to carry six hundred tons of coal, or fuel enough for twenty days, this coal is stowed below and at the sides of her boilers.

Her armament consists of twenty-two guns. Of these, sixteen are thirty two pounders, and are placed on the main deck. At her bow and at her stern, on the upper deck, she has a Paixhan gun of ten inch bore. The other guns are upon those who could not obtain the original information.

Her machinery was made in various parts of the country. The bed plate was from the founders of her

SATURDAY POST.

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Subscribers are requested to give the name of the post office to which they have recently received their paper.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscription.

Agents are generally authorized to act as such, unless otherwise notified.

Letters must be addressed to the publisher, and must be post paid, or they will not be noticed in any manner.

Subscribers must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which they desire it to be changed.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending July 17, 1841.

	Price sold for
417 shares United States Bank	17⅛
84 do. Reading R. R.	27¾
50 do. Beech Creek Navigation Co.	21
30 do. Girard Bank	8¼
10 do. Penn. Bank	99¾@99⅞
1 do. Commercial Bank	8
1 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	85

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, July 21, 1841.

In the House of Representatives on motion of Mr. Sergeant, from the Select Committee on the Currency, reported back the Sub-Treasury bill, with the Navy Loan, with two amendments. The amendments propose two additional sections to the bill, the first section repeals the Deposite Act of June, 1836, except the 13th and 14th sections.

The second section provides, that so much of an act passed the 14th of April, 1836, entitled "An act making appropriations for the year 1836," as provides that no Bank Note of a less denomination than ten dollars, and after the 4th of July, 1837, a less sum than five dollars, denomination than twenty dollars, shall be offered or received by any Bank in the District of Columbia.

The bill, as amended, was referred to a Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Sergeant from the same Committee, reported a bill providing for the establishment of a Navy Loan, which was also read twice and referred. So now, I suppose, the Navy Loan is out of the way, and the Sub-Treasury will be the next.

Mr. Haywood, from the same Committee, reported a bill providing for a general Bankrupt law.

He also reported from the same Committee, a resolution providing for the calling of a general meeting to be held on the table for the present session. Mr. B. said he merely reported the resolution, without giving any instructions. As for himself, he believed the bill might well ought to pass at the present session.

On motion of Mr. Brown, the resolution was laid on the table, by a vote of 102 to 91. So the bill of the committee to be there is a prospect of the passage of the bill.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, on the bill making appropriations for the Navy, and after some unimportant verbal amendments, the bill was reported to the House, and passed by a large majority.

A number of reports were made and carried.

The Senate is still debating the Bank Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1841.

In the House, the first business in order was the consideration of the Bill for the relief of the Bankrupt Banks on commerce, reported yesterday morning.

Resolved, That a committee of seven members, not to be named by the Chair, shall be from any one State, be appointed by the Chair to report to the House, for the purpose of taking evidence at the principal ports of entry and clearance, as to the operation of the existing system and rates of duties on import upon the manufacturing, agricultural and commercial interests of the country, and of procuring generally such information as may be useful to Congress in any revision of the tariff which may be attempted at the next session.

Messrs. Gilmore, Hunt, Sergeant, and others gave their views, after which Mr. Nisbet, of Georgia, followed in a very long speech, in which he took up the matter in a very different light, carried on the debate for some portion of the afternoon to the position of Mr. Wise, and intimated that something else than banking is wanting.

Mr. Wise replied in a very severe manner, and attributed defeat to Mr. Nisbet in very bitter language.

Mr. Nisbet rejoined in an equally severe manner. He chose his words with care. He had not charged the Virginia 500 consciences of having done wrong, and wished to make amends for any harsh language he might have used. It, on the contrary, the members connected with the Virginia delegation had done wrong, it was never was not to tell him so often as he chose to do so, away and go to his own way to Mr. Clay, at Washington, where he was called at Mr. Clay's, afterwards sold for $1000 on Virginia account. Now Virginia, as a partner, named David Rose, to receive the money and bring it to Virginia, returning them to Mr. Watson.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, moved the previous question on the motion to recommit, but before that motion could be put, a motion was made to adjourn, which was carried by the House adjourned.

The Senate took up the bill providing for a General Bankrupt Law. Mr. Henderson offered an amendment including corporations. Lost by a vote of 22 to 24.

WASHINGTON, JULY 24, 1841.

Nothing was done in the House on Saturday worth recording. In the Senate the Bankrupt Law passed to a third reading after considerable debate, by a vote of 26 to 23.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1841.

There being no other morning business, the Bill to incorporate a Fiscal Bank of the United States was taken up. The amendments considered in committee were agreed to—and the bill was ordered to be engrossed.

Amendments were proposed to the amendments adopted on committee of the whole, by Mr. Preston, on important and minutely concerned in. The amendments proposed by the provisions of the Post Office Department, or not office of discount and deposit thereof, from loaning money to members of the House. Mr. Preston's amendment was discussed with some earnestness by Mr. Preston, Mr. Wise, Mr. Rives, &c. The amendment also proposed that no note or bill, of which such officer or Bank is the maker, shall be offered by any banker, drawer, endorser, acceptor, or otherwise a party, shall be received.

Mr. Clay considered the prohibition as urged one, and on unnecessary law. The amendment would operate banking nor necessary to safe banking.

Mr. Walker opposed the amendment and said that experience proved its unnecessary—especially in the practice of the Pennsylvania United States Bank.

Mr. Huntington said that the amendment was a prohibition to members of Congress and to all officers of the Bank, except stockholders, and he could see no reason why. Was the prohibition unjust?

Mr. Preston said that the amendment as it stood in the Bill, and was for prohibiting members of Congress from having any relations with the Bank, except the mere corruption of the most damning character to most men to accept of favors from the Bank. He wished to have controlled and other institutions of the sort, the government and the people, and not by corruption. Mr. Clay was surprised that members of Congress should be more than any other class of men. They should be sensitive from discounts.

Mr. Little, of Md. advocated the same amendment, and thought the majority would gladly accept of every amendment which the minority might offer. He hoped they would permit the Bank of France as an example worthy of imitation. The Bank of France was not allowed to discount for members, which were much safer borrowers than those who borrowed elsewhere.

The vote was then taken upon the first branch of the amendment, and it was carried by a vote of 28 to 22.

The vote was then taken upon the second branch of the amendment, and it was carried by a vote of 26 to 24.

The next amendment related to members of Congress.

Mr. Clay of Ky. opposed it. The Bank of France was like other bank charters, there would be some reasons for the amendment, but it was not.

Mr. Walker proposed a compromise, prohibiting members of Congress simply from having their notes discounted.

Mr. Clay thought the compromise conceded a good deal. He wished to be free to do any business with the Bank, but then he would feel bound to vote against the whole amendment, and he could not do that.

There was no reason for making such a discrimination.

Mr. Buchanan thought the compromise in favor of the amendment. One by one the proportions of the committee were each being taken from the Bank. He had hoped that its relation to members of Congress would be entirely severed. Members of Congress should stand aloof from and be under the prohibition.

Mr. Clay of Ky. objected to the prohibiting members of Congress, or erecting a Pre-emption bill particularly for them. It would be unjust to the members of Congress if Congress might be called upon to take an intimate step to stand up the Bank. And therefore he could not participate in its benefits. If that was a valid objection, the limitation would operate on the Marshal, the District on the Judges of the Court, and on the Jurors, if you could find out who they were at the time.

Mr. Buchanan briefly restated his former objections. He conceived them not to be applicable to the Judges of the Supreme Court and Judges—that the Judge should sit on judgment upon a Bank to which he was a debtor.

The question was then taken upon the amendment, as regard to members of Congress, prohibiting to the Bank like other banks, and it carried by a vote of 27 to 24.

TUESDAY, June 28, 1841.

Half past 5 o'clock, it was announced that a fixing of names and claiming of had been received that the cabinet had concurred that the cabinet had completely defeated—and that concentrated at the town of victory will pursue a hostile to Mexico, and show them that Tobasco standing a leading man of great power in favor of liberty, should turn to and endeavor to fix upon his execution vandalism.

An amendment further to forbid officers of the General Government from receiving loans from the Bank, was next considered and rejected 22 to 23.

The opposition members then proposed that the Bill should be ordered to an engrossment to night.

Mr. Clay, of Ky. named to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, as the Senators might find some further amendments necessary.

Mr. Berrien moved an adjournment, which was carried, 27 to 21.

MONDAY.—The House of Representatives to-day, (except some interesting speeches,) have said or done nothing of importance.

A memorial and papers were received from Mr. Linn, Bank of Missouri. The memorial was referred to the Committee on elections, with no probability of acting upon them at the present session.

The House then went into committee of the whole upon the General Bill, and the debate continued until the hour of adjournment.

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1841.

Mr. Benton introduced a paper which he said he should offer as an amendment to the Revenue Bill of the House, when it came before the Senate for consideration. While gentlemen were taxing their wits to obtain articles of taxation within the terms of the Compromise Act, they had omitted articles most abundant. He proposed to supply the omission by introducing an amendment to include articles which we had upon the table and ordered to be printed.

The Fiscal Bank Bill was called up as the special order of the day. Mr. Morehead addressed the Senate at length in defence of the Bill under consideration, and in reply to the remarks of the Senator from Virginia (Mr. Rives) and the Senator from Penn. Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Allen continued the discussion on the constitutional question, and gave precedents to prove its constitutionality.

Mr. Allen continued the discussion—he renewed his former objections to the Bill. The question of the Fiscal Bank Bill was passed.

Mr. Smith followed with a motion to reconsider the vote of yesterday prohibiting the Bank from the usual terms under the Compromise Act. The motion to reconsideration was carried—ayes 27, nays 23.

The question then recurred upon the amendment, Mr. Benton opposed the amendment in regard to small notes.

Mr. Clay, of Ky. moved to amend the proposition, and carried, 25 to 22.

The engrossment was then called for.

The question being then taken, the vote stood for engrossment 26, against 25.

So the Fiscal Bank Bill was passed.

Mr. Allen continued the discussion—he renewed his former objections to the Bill.

Mr. Benton

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
This gives it all its flavor.

From Foreign Magazines, for July.

Harry Vere.

A TALE FROM A SEVENTEEN'S DIARY.

BY MISS AMY.

Thorp springs have scarcely elapsed since the year
When I met, at a party, with young Harry Vere.
He had dark brunning eyes, and profuse chesnut hair,
A soft silver voice, and a Roman-like air;
In the dance none were ever so graceful and light,
And he sung the most delightful songs at night.
He was always the same to a friend and a foe—
Oh! the soul of warm feeling was young Harry Vere

As a horseman, what crowds to his pow'rus gave heed,
When he put on an untried, unbroken-crossed steed!
He stood—the eyes that he mistakes are
By their bonnie might charm the fiergmettle there;
He read all the new novels, he owned a light hack,
Cut papa', made children, and shot at a mark;
The men at his talents thought proper to sneer,
But the women all dosed on young Harry Vere.

He wielded with ease, sang with ease, raised me to dance,
And breathed to me words of delightful romance;
But we parted, save manner of dominoes in mask,
And I never beheld him till yesterday week.
How my heart beat with tumults!—and thought of past hours
And expected that I soggy my new chapter of flowers:
I was single, he still was wizened—it was clear.
I might yet be the choice of young Harry Vere.

At length he arrived—oh! confusion, ye who can,
My feelings at seeing a fat, heavy man;
With spectacles placed on a ruby-tinged nose,
Grey hair, clumsy shippers, and old-fashioned clothes
His voice had grown coarser, and his manner grown rough,
And he took half an ounce, I am certain, of snuff.
What a passionless glance, a cool look, and dull face,
In the pride of the ball-room, the gay Harry Vere!

He actually seemed quite unpleasant to dine—
He spoke of the beer—nay! while eyeing the wine—
Talked of pheasants and grouse, of green pens and sea-kale,
Of Beck's match-nett, and Hopper's pale ale—
Found on turnpikes, and corn—I forget other dainty—
But

Had not read the last novel of Bulwer or James—
Thought the sun went round, and the earth stood were dew—
Oh! what themes for the graceful, refined Harry Vere!

My case widely differs, the years that have past
Was a shade on my mind and my person to cast
In fact, I was once a mere mom, I confess,
Untutored in manners, unfinished in dress;
Now my air and appointments the critic must please,
I have caught the true tone of conventional ease,
And by striking improvement I've learned that I'm
To the power may be fond of poor Harry Vere.

Oh! horror—a neighbor has dropped in to tea,
And poured in my ear Harry's commerce on me,
"What, can he be—can he be—can it quitted the room.
"In the pool full of nettlesome, beauty and bloom!
Was my susceptible heart in a flame—
Can she view haggard manner be the same?
Is her sharp fretful features no traces survive
Of the charms that distinguished the fair Lucy Clive.

"At her knee nought shoulders humanity sight,
The crowsfoot has wrought a sad work round her eyes,
Palsm curls fore her gardened—I can't bear it,
And her dentist, I guess, furnished two of her teeth.
Her powers and blonde no attraction can give;
Now my air and appointments the critic must please,
I have caught the true tone of conventional ease,
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To the power may be fond of poor Harry Vere.

The arrows of satire she bitterly hurls,
At the head of all pretty and popular girls,
And slanders poor flirts, as if worse to cause,
From sheer lips that once talked of love, affection and peace:
Yet for Pam she reveals passion fervent and true,
And she owns tender looks on her bosom she wore;
What shame that another should share it! Fans can answer,
What a wretch has he made of the sweet Lucy Clive!

Well, my years I have doubt—age dare deny if it serves—
And I feel Harry's charge is well founded and true;
Housekeeping I will non not to juvenile books.
But chaste curls and crystals for paper and books.
Age still may be honored if prudently spent,
Though I own it appears a misfortune I'm not
That I learn this hard lesson, as soon as severe,
From the dart of my girlhood, the gay Harry Vere.

ANNA HATHAWAY.
Sept. the Nynth, 1589.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

A Cunning Locksmith.

A missing bundle of comfort lost
And safe secured at heaven's gate.
Her mother's prayers have opened and found her back.
Because he meant to pick the lock

BAGGAGE.—A correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following —

As I was lately travelling on a stage coach, not fifty miles from Boston, the passengers were remarking on the singing disposition of the driver. One of them related the following

"As I was with the driver, on my proceeding from Boston, not long since, a woman called to him to take a bandbox and basket, which were to be carried to her house. The driver replied that the next time he came along, but he could not then, as he had engaged to take on a second-mail a little way out of town, and had a large cradle on the top of the time, he was afraid he should not have room."

The reunion of the above remanded one of a driver who said he was once requested in a woman to wait till she finished her washing and ironing! He told her he often had to wait for the water to do their ironing, but he could not stand washing and ironing, both!

POETRY.—The following lines, of Bohemian descent, has been very extensively admired by certain readers of the North American. The severity of the production is not the least of its merits.

In a green grove
Sat a young pair,
Fell a rough from above.

Struck them dead there

Happy for them
That both died together.
The mother was
To mourn for the other.

MARRYING IN AND MARRYING OUT.—The following anecdote related by no means dull. A certain wealthy farmer had six daughters. A young man of equal fashion came up to the house and asked permission to address one of the family. The farmer replied, do you mean to marry one of us, sir, for I have no idea so many now as my hearth will hold. I wish to marry out, sir, was the reply. Then take one, said the farmer, but mind you, no pitching and cleaning; take them as they come into the world.

CLERICAL.—A Rhode Island member of Congress wrote home to his wife that he had been appointed one of the "Committee on Clergy" (clams). She secured the assistance of a minister and a country paper, stating that said member was about to introduce a bill praying for a general clergy bounty through the United States—all the clams to be taken from the region of Providence to the division to "State right," who highly commended in the same strain.

DAN MARBLE'S LAST.—Dan was walking one of the streets of Buffalo, betraying evident signs of lonesome, when he was accosted by a gentleman enquired "what the matter was."

"Oh, the doctor take it, I'm troubled to death with corns."

"Why don't you get a pair of easy boots?"

"I got three once enough, I can assure," said Marble, "I went down to see the contest."

A DEAR GOOD WIFE.—A man is taking the good fortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, he thought of it another immediately went to beg a branch of that tree, to have it crafted into one in her own orchard. "But who knows," says she, "but it may be the same kind of fruit."

THE LAST CASE OF APHASIA OF MIND.—A drunken man in New York, found his way into a temperance meeting and believing it to be a tavern, went up to the speaker and told him he'd stand treats for all hands. His offer was acted on the nerves of the meeting like electricity.

FAST RUNNING.—There is a man in New Orleans, who can actually run faster than any other person now living. He has a three mile race lately on a bet a fifty dollars, and not only outstrod his competitor, but absolutely left his own shadow three-fourths of a mile behind him!

HYPERCRITICAL.—Gave me a ballpenny, your honour," said a scanty Waterford beggar to Mr and Mrs. Hall. "We have none to give, we was the answer. "That's bad English," was the cool and caustic reply of the Irishman.

A TENNIS STORY.—A correspondent of the Italian Register tells of an apple tree on the premises of Mr. Samuel Jones, Deptford, Mass. which last month bore a large white ass.

Foreign Magazines.

From the Foreign Magazines for July.

"Hope On Hope Ever."

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Ah! then will she, "hope on hope ever"—
The woman's antique! what can worse
The hope that springeth fresh and green
Each from few hour! though all is mere
Thro'wing is slight or blossom-free,
The force sinuses of despair,
It can but blow with pallied pow'r
The imperishable flower!

"Hope on hope ever"—yes, when war
Teaches the heart, alas! to know
All is not steadiness in the sky
That here points to the young bride's eye.
That sorrow dims its sun a while,
And many tears succeed our smile
Shall broke the on a hand on high.
"A helping hand," those tears to dry:

"Hope on hope ever"—oh! the same
When fever, with devouring flame
Prostrating the last she thought is here
Had been cast in her from above.
God nourished thee and hence, and ever
Submission to his dread decrees.
Lo! in his hence compassion wasted,
And he shall be saved.

"Hope on hope ever"—when ev ber
Earth's "feeble" night of sorrow o'er
Hath hope its proud rais ocmse
Verdant in quarantine bloom;
The hope that is known Christian's faith
When Heaven's Majesty reveals
To the contrite eye
The glories of eternity!

The Little Hut.

One little hut is all my wealth thereon
It stands apart on a lonely down,
Aough it rain one happy little stream,
As bright'ned silver as a dream.

In front of it one fatherly old tree
O'ershades the little hut for me.
And chelters it from Autumn's rain and storm.
And summer-sun, when eve's warm.

And from the tree one darling nightingale
Pours forth so soft a song,
That none who pass and all who linger by,
Feel sweetest woe from my woe not why

Dear little maiden with the flaxen hair!
Thou knowest not fond as thou art for
I go—and leave thee all alone
With let me share my hut with thee!

Home-Sickness.

There called me ever a mountain voice,
"Come away! Come away
Is e earthly music fating more;
Oh or is not here!

Oh, whether a be a spirit-voice
Or a flower-voice,
It baldeth most ailing heart rejoice.

Oh! whether it be
In the greenwood glades—or the garlanded bow!—
Night, Noonide and Morn,
The summoning call of that mountain flow.

Comes home to my soul!
In vain have I sought for rest and rest,
But I darkly feel
That no mean to to music shall cease to peal
I go to my soul

From the Dublin University Magazine for July.

The Dream.

There are few things more interesting than to observe and trace to their source the superstitions of the Irish peasantry. The fairies and the other imaginativeness that surrounds their fairy belief, their legendary and supernatural stories, give them a peculiar charm, and, in the estimation of the intellectual character of the Irish mind, we cannot be surprised at the effect produced upon it by those natural wonders which nothing but science and knowledge can explain, and which, when unexplained, are so marvellous and unaccountable.

Lord Dromore was a man of considerable mind, who happened to him when a very young man, which illustrates this:

"I was fond," he said, "of fishing on Lough Derg, and on my expeditions was in the habit of being accompanied by an old follower of the family, named Billy Healy; a bit of a character in his way, and a firm believer in fairies. His reverence for the 'good people,' was a constant subject of amusement between us, and, as nothing in point occurred, I gave him a vast unmerciful battering about them.

"Ah, well," said Billy, "go on, and take your fun out of me, it all very well for you who know no better; you young men love to make game of what you don't know. Why I will know someone some day, if you did heard what I have, you would speak so lightly. There I was upon the water he was the spokesman of the party, and was a lovely summer's morning, the sun was shining, the dew was sparkling on the grass, and not a sound was stirring. We were floating quietly down with the current, when all of a sudden, I heard a strain of music the most enchanting that was ever heard by mortal man, some of the finest I ever heard, and heard pale as he stammered over it in the way of describing.

"That is the rain," she exclaimed; "I shall be aware of that nothing here." Oh! I shall never forget the sound."

Billy Healy had hardly finished speaking, continued Lord Dromore, when some wild notes struck upon our ears, startling me by their suddenness, and the strange coincidence with his words. I never saw any thing like the effect upon the old man. He grew as pale as death, and trembled violently. There it again, he exclaimed, unheeding his hand, and sinking down as an attitude of fear, 'there it is' the very music I heard forty years ago. You hear it yourself now, my lord—you'll never misdoubt me again. What have you been talking about, he added, "God preserve us from harm this morning, for I hope I was nothing disrespectful to the good people we were saying, and they so near us."

It certainly was very strange. Again the mysterious sounds were heard, and I must say they did it. I listened with curiosity and interest, while the old man remained motionless, his gray head uncovered, and his countenance expressive of intense fear. Now and then there was a pause, and again at intervals rose the wild melody, and died away in the distance.

When we, or rather I—for my companion remained motionless—recovered the first surprise, I looked about to ascertain, if possible, whether these strange sounds proceeded, for I knew there must be a cause for them. It was no easy matter, but at length, after some curious and close consideration, the mystery was unravelled. The sounds were found to be by the agency of a row of small rings which confined it against the mast, and as it happened that the lowest ring of the series was now standing the line slackening, in consequence of this, caused the air to act upon it so as produce the effect of an Æolian harp; and the occasional moving of the rod, by altering the angle caused the sounds to cease, and again to rise at intervals in the manner we have remarked.

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Poor Marley was dressed so many old residents stood about in India—namely, in breeches and old stockings, he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the sudden and unexpected change in head hair, the monks seemed to leave his mouth and nose free, but covered his eyes, and as his head was his looks, so fearful was he lest the slightest movement should cause his head to fall off, that his features too fatal blow.

Never was an agony little less than his own during the scene.

"He is coming around!" murmured Marley. "I feel him cold—cold to my limb, and now he tightens—for the love of heaven call for some medical assistance, or I shall be a dead man in a few minutes more; let me spit on the floor.

Churchill cautiously let go his hold of Marley's nose, and a yard of the tube.

"Now, Marley," continued he, "you moved your head. By every thing sacred, I conjure you not to do so again. It caused me long and severe pain, for I have a scale and two children in Europe; tell them I died a Christian, and remember to have masses said for them; the snake is wending itself round my calf—I know them all I assume. I can almost distinguish the scales of his tail—he is about to—"

Marley felt no longer, and carefully put down a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the effect was instantaneous.

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"No," exclaimed the other, starting up and preparing to leave his bed, when the cultivation of his wife detained him. His mind was so much disturbed, and the impression from the dream so strong this time, that she had considerable difficulty in persuading him from yielding to the impulse of what she conceived to be some fearful suggestion. At last, however, she succeeded in soothing him into some degree of calmness: he began to think with her that his dreams were caused by anxiety and fatigue, and making an effort to shake off the feelings they had left, he, after some time, fell asleep again.

But not long was he undisturbed. He awoke from that time even, and exclaiming that he could resist no longer, he got out of bed and commenced dressing himself. His brother, he said, had appeared to him the third time, and had appeared more pale with such entreaty for not following his directions, that he was now determined to do so.

It was a dark and stormy night. Mr. C——, unaided on for almost a mile by his wife's cloak and as the cool night wind began to produce its effect on his fevered frame, the impression of the dream grew off. He resolved to give up what now seemed to him a foolish pursuit, and was about to entreat his sister to return, when a rustling noise in a field of oaters by the road side attracted his attention. The noise became louder, and on looking that some one had come there to steal them, and had consequently himself of a small clasp knife in his pocket, he ran toward the place from whence the noise proceeded, calling upon the thief to stop.

"The Lord be between us and harm!" exclaimed a man starting back from the hedge in that time, Mr. C——, and what brings you out upon the road at this time o' night?"

"And what brings you out?" replied Mr. C——; "and what are you doing among my oaters?"

"Ah, then, don't you know me, Mr. C——?" said the man; "why then I'll tell you what brings me out. I was going to your house, sir, and what brings you out may you'll not be sorry to hear. If I'm not greatly mistaken, the gentleman you were after following is under my road this very moment. But come, let us hurry on, and while we're talking we'll be the nearer how the case fell out."

The man was the keeper of a little shebeen house, or canteen's depot, on the Clairville road. He had been out all day, and not returned, when, late in the evening, happening to look out, he observed at the house and inquired from his wife, who was standing at the door, whether she could find supper and accommodation.

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Never was an agony little less than his own during the scene.

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But not long was he undisturbed. He awoke from that time even, and exclaiming that he could resist no longer, he got out of bed and commenced dressing himself. His brother, he said, had appeared to him the third time, and had appeared more pale with such entreaty for not following his directions, that he was now determined to do so.

It was a dark and stormy night. Mr. C——, unaided on for almost a mile by his wife's cloak and as the cool night wind began to produce its effect on his fevered frame, the impression of the dream grew off. He resolved to give up what now seemed to him a foolish pursuit, and was about to entreat his sister to return, when a rustling noise in a field of oaters by the road side attracted his attention. The noise became louder, and on looking that some one had come there to steal them, and had consequently himself of a small clasp knife in his pocket, he ran toward the place from whence the noise proceeded, calling upon the thief to stop.

"The Lord be between us and harm!" exclaimed a man starting back from the hedge in that time, Mr. C——, and what brings you out upon the road at this time o' night?"

"And what brings you out?" replied Mr. C——; "and what are you doing among my oaters?"

"Ah, then, don't you know me, Mr. C——?" said the man; "why then I'll tell you what brings me out. I was going to your house, sir, and what brings you out may you'll not be sorry to hear. If I'm not greatly mistaken, the gentleman you were after following is under my road this very moment. But come, let us hurry on, and while we're talking we'll be the nearer how the case fell out."

The man was the keeper of a little shebeen house, or canteen's depot, on the Clairville road. He had been out all day, and not returned, when, late in the evening, happening to look out, he observed at the house and inquired from his wife, who was standing at the door, whether she could find supper and accommodation.

"There's a stable for the horses and clean beds for yourselves," said the woman; "but I have nothing in the house but potatoes and salt, and a drop of whiskey. If that will serve you, you're kindly welcome."

The night, as I have already said, promised to be dark and stormy, so that the men were glad of shelter, even with such poor fare. They put into the stable to clean and put up their horses, while the landlord went to the field, and had let out the table in an inner room, divided from the kitchen by a thin partition. The meal was soon ready she called the travellers to come in, and as soon as she had seen them fairly engaged at their meal, the thrifty dame put out the candle in the kitchen, and, rolling her arms in her apron, seated herself close to the partition, so as to be within call of the party whenever they wanted to whiskey jug to be replenished.

"To better to be within the house than out of it tonight, my way," said one of the men, as the wind howled outside.

"Ay, ay, that is a good supper as far as it goes," observed another, "if we had a little of it"——"a bacon along with it, that's what would make it a proper gluttony of gammons and fitches the night long."

"Whist!" cried the first speaker, "can't ye keep a quiet tongue in your head, man."

The name of the gentleman thus strangely associated the attention of the landlady as she sat in the dark silent adjacent kitchen: she opened the partition and listened with all her might. In a few minutes after, her husband returned to the house to him to make no noise, she pointed to the outer room, where the men were seated, and by those natural wonders which nothing but science and knowledge can explain, and which, when unexplained, are so marvellous and unaccountable.

Lord Dromore's account of the circumstance that happened to him when a very young man, which illustrates this:

"I was fond," he said, "of fishing on Lough Derg, and on my expeditions was in the habit of being accompanied by an old follower of the family, named Billy Healy; a bit of a character in his way, and a firm believer in fairies. His reverence for the 'good people,' was a constant subject of amusement between us, and, as nothing in point occurred, I gave him a vast unmerciful battering about them.

"Ah, well," said Billy, "go on, and take your fun out of me, it all very well for you who know no better; you young men love to make game of what you don't know. Why I will know someone some day, if you did heard what I have, you would speak so lightly. There I was upon the water he was the spokesman of the party, and was a lovely summer's morning, the sun was shining, the dew was sparkling on the grass, and not a sound was stirring. We were floating quietly down with the current, when all of a sudden, I heard a strain of music the most enchanting that was ever heard by mortal man, some of the finest I ever heard, and heard pale as he stammered over it in the way of describing.

"That is the rain," she exclaimed; "I shall be aware of that nothing here. Oh! I shall never forget the sound."

Billy Healy had hardly finished speaking, continued Lord Dromore, when some wild notes struck upon our ears, startling me by their suddenness, and the strange coincidence with his words. I never saw any thing like the effect upon the old man. He grew as pale as death, and trembled violently. There it again, he exclaimed, unheeding his hand, and sinking down as an attitude of fear, 'there it is' the very music I heard forty years ago. You hear it yourself now, my lord—you'll never misdoubt me again. What have you been talking about, he added, "God preserve us from harm this morning, for I hope I was nothing disrespectful to the good people we were saying, and they so near us."

It certainly was very strange. Again the mysterious sounds were heard, and I must say they did it. I listened with curiosity and interest, while the old man remained motionless, his gray head uncovered, and his countenance expressive of intense fear. Now and then there was a pause, and again at intervals rose the wild melody, and died away in the distance.

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